

いつもの風景、いつもの場所。  
違うのは――。

# 魔法使いの嫁

The Ancient Magus' Bride

第1巻 Any port in a storm.

ヤマザキ コレ  
YAMAZAKI KORE







# 魔法使いの嫁

The Phantom Bride





It hurts.



Umm...

Oww...  
Are you all right?



That's the only one who looks solid.



Oook...

Sorry about that.



Thank you, though.







Are you some kind of ghost?

I can see right through you.



Hey, lady.



Here, take my hand?



Oh, you didn't notice?

You shouldn't be wandering around like this.

What?

はっ



Oww...

The dead have places of their own, you know.

If you're lonely, I'll keep you company, but...



This should be a good spot.

What's going on?



It looks like he can't remember me after all that happened.

He can't even remember himself.



People look at you weird if you start talking to dead people where they can see, you know?



I'm dreaming, aren't I?  
...Aren't I?

I'm not dead.



They don't realize that they've passed on. Poor things.

A lot of dead people say things like that.



# 魔法使いの嫁

The Wizard's Bride

No, I  
was born...  
far in the  
east.

You  
were born  
there?

Umm...  
Far to  
the west  
from  
here.

I see,  
I see.

It's been  
a long  
journey for  
you, too,  
hasn't it.

So,  
where  
are you  
from?

What about  
you? Where are  
you from?

Me?  
Hmm...

The dry  
lands.







And  
IT was  
there.



Raah!

It  
hurts!



...Ah.



DON'T  
YOU DARE  
CALL  
ME BY  
THAT  
CURSED  
NAME!

Carta...



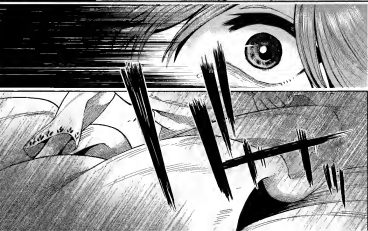
I'm sorry  
please  
forgive  
me I didn't  
mean it  
I'm sorry!

I'm  
so  
sor-  
ry!

I'm  
sor-  
ry!









but  
they're also  
pathways  
connecting  
you to other  
dreams...  
other worlds,  
other times.

dreams are  
an opportu-  
nity for  
your mind to  
organize the  
information  
you gather  
while awake.

It was  
him...

Carta-  
philius.

so, who  
did you  
visit this  
time?

the  
time you  
spent  
in my memo-  
ries...  
or the  
experiences  
you've had  
in others' emotions,  
those show  
that you're  
talented in  
that area.

Not me,  
not his own  
past... I don't  
think he even  
remembered  
himself.

But it  
was like  
he didn't  
remember  
anything.

!



And it was like he was fuzzy, somehow.

And...



Like there was someone else in the same place as him.



...But I just can't put it out of my mind.



"Save me."



How could someone like him ask to be saved? After all he's done? He should have no right.









*Like an ancient  
magus,  
before  
it grew  
too old!*

*A totally  
unharmd  
specimen!  
One that  
can use  
magic, to  
boot!*

*I've  
never had  
the chance  
to examine  
a live Slay  
Vega  
before!*



*....!?*

*I'm so  
glad I could  
meet you!  
Thank you  
for being  
alive!*



*Oh, umm.  
Hello, I'm  
Hatori  
Chise.*

*Just  
call me  
Tory.  
Mr. Innes  
would  
make  
me feel  
old.*

*I-I'm  
Tory  
Innes.*

*I shouldn't  
have let him  
tag along.*

*I'm  
ashamed  
to call  
him one of  
my peers,  
but I'll still  
apologize  
on his  
behalf.*







We're keepers of magical knowledge, preserving it and sharing it for the sake of future generations.

We take in promising youngsters and educate them, helping them realize their potential.



You don't need to explain that far.

And that way, there's a good chance that someone will be able to take up the dead one's research!

So that when and if they go and die somehow, there are at least some people who can spread the word.

We kind of force ourselves into their lives.

A lot of us wizardly types aren't exactly the most social folk, you know.

Or that's what they'll tell you!



Be my guest.

...Can I go on, or would you like to take over?

Adolf here's more of a glorified secretary, though.



We serve as a shelter for the unfortunate too, so that's important as well.



As part of that organization, we... well, I guess you could say we act like professors, teaching others and searching for potential students.



*Some  
whelps from  
the land of  
dragons have  
been poached  
away from  
the warden.*



I told  
your  
friend the  
news  
already.



...What?



The last  
one is dead  
now, but we  
found this  
on him.



Two  
of them,  
to be  
exact.  
  
There  
were four  
poachers.  
Three of  
them got  
away.



It seemed  
like someone  
else started  
controlling them  
halfway through,  
but they were  
there.



*I'm pretty sure that Cartaphilus is behind this.*



...It's a device that I made for transporting objects. It causes a reaction between solidified magical energy and minerals, using that energy to transport matter to a designated coordinate.



...



...  
I can't say I really care about that. I know you didn't do it on purpose.



Master.

That means that the poaching incident is partially my fault, and my responsibility.

It seems he not only took my arm, but also the knowledge inside it.



It doesn't concern me what he does, or why he does it.

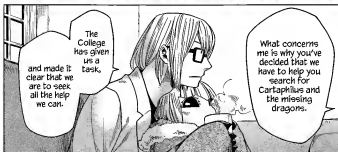


I suppose this time he chose dragons.



He uses it for his experiments, on both himself and others. Nobody really knows why.

Cartaphilus searches for any and every material he thinks might be useful.



and made it clear that we are to seek all the help we can.

The College has given us a task,

What concerns me is why you've decided that we have to help you search for Cartaphilus and the missing dragons.



...An agreement?

We've got an agreement with the warden.

Why are your people looking for the dragons, anyway?

Cartaphilus...

You and yours are close to the dragons, and also aware of Cartaphilus.



and we keep away would-be poachers, of course refraining from doing so ourselves as well.



The warden sends us parts of the dragons who have died,



but if wanton poaching continues, some of the remaining species may come to see humans as enemies... or worse, as prey.

The species that hunted humans are now all extinct,

Dragon bodies and blood are powerful ingredients in making elixirs, whether through wizardry or magecraft.



And of course it wouldn't do to cause an arms race, as humans developed anti-dragon weapons.



The dragons have chosen to become lesser, to fade and die out. We cannot give them any reason to go back on their choice, to evolve to hunt man once more.

We need a warden to keep the walls up between dragon and man, so that contact between us and them is restricted as much as possible.



you're a friend of Lindel's, and his former student.

According to Merikauli,



A woman with short blonde hair and glasses is looking down at a man who is wearing a dark hooded cloak and a white scarf. The man has a white mask covering his face. They are in a dark, rocky environment.

*For those who are even now held in bondage?*

*Would you move to help a friend in need, and return the dragons to his side?*



A woman with short brown hair in pigtails, wearing a school uniform with a dark vest and a large circular pendant, is looking up with a determined expression.

*It's too dangerous.*

*Solving problems like this is the College's job, not ours.*

*But...*



A man with short brown hair, wearing a school uniform, is looking at a large, dark, hooded figure.

*Why?*

*No.*



A woman with short brown hair and glasses, wearing a school uniform, is looking at a large, dark, hooded figure.

*Elias!*



Have you forgotten how much it hurt...when you did that to me?

I think you're the one who's forgetting something.



Have you forgotten how frail your body is already?



...But those poor whelps aren't like I was. They're not in chains because they want it.

You're right, Elias. We have no obligation to help them. We have no responsibility.



Wait, she can't possibly mean...

When he did what?

When he what?



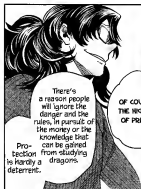
I don't want the children I might have played with to come to harm. I wouldn't be able to live with myself.





All he can tell is that they're somewhere in Europe.

Lindel is tracking the whelps on the signals they send him, but even with two of them, their connection to him is weak.





He's got to be looking for material he can use to replace his arm.



No, only the two, as far as we know.

Were only two dragons taken? Have there been no others?



...Yes.



And... can they be sold partially as well as whole?



If he can't go through the usual routes, then...

And he seemed to be short on money.



but can someone make a phone call for me, please?

I'm sorry,



*A job? Of course I'd have to hear the details first, of both the job itself and the compensation, but I'm all ears.*

Hello.

Yes, I'm in Paris at the moment.

I'm glad to hear that.

Ah, greetings. Of course. May I ask how you've been?